VOLUME LV CHICAGO, MAY 25, 1905. NUMBER 13

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Hillside Home School

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

This school is located on a beautiful valley farm, affording the advantages of health, pleasure and study. It has modern buildings with the appliances of a laboratory and other facilities for Science, Nature, Music and Art Studies. It has a large corps of teachers, and students are fitted for colleges. It presents a combination of school, home and neighborly interests.

Write for catalogue.

LLOYD-JONES SISTERS, Principals,

Railway Station, Spring Green. **P. O. Address, Hillside, Wis.**

WHAT FRIENDS, PATRONS AND EDUCATORS SAY OF THE SCHOOL.

I have taken great pleasure in the past in recommending your school; indeed, it is the only school of the kind that I do recommend. Your beautiful, picturesque country home is ideal, and that enhanced by your excellent instruction has, to my mind, made your school the one to recommend, especially for many children from the city who are in need of such a country home and of such a school.

I trust that your success will continue, and that your school will have the patronage that it is so worthy of.

FRANCIS W. PARKER,
The late head of the School of Education, Chicago University.

I know not where, if my life were to be lived over, I would rather be placed at fifteen than in the Hillside Home School. I do not believe there is in Wisconsin, or in the United States, a place where the conditions are more favorable to develop a sound body, and a sound mind in a sound body, and a warm, loving heart, lay the foundations for scholarship, character, and greatness, than right here in this school.

REV. HIRAM W. THOMAS, D.D.,
Chicago, Ill.

I hope your other pupils will learn to love you as I have done, and that you will continue to remember me as your boy.

BERT,
Mr. Adelbert Porter, Duluth, Minn.
(A pupil for six years in the school.)

I cannot find words strong enough to express my gratitude to you, my friends, for all you have done for me. You have never treated me as a stranger. I have never known a mother's love, so the kindness and love you have shown me has been very precious to me. My duty to my fellow men is greater than when I came to you, "for the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line and deed for deed, to somebody." My year in this beautiful Hillside Home, under its health-giving influences, will help me through life.

Yours,
LEWA IOKIA, Class of '99, Honolulu, Hawaii.

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY 3939 LANGLEY AVENUE, CHICAGO.

REVISED.

THE TENTH GENERAL MEETING OF THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

DEDICATION OF THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE

Chicago: Corner Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Avenue

MAY 28th TO JUNE 1st

Incorporated June 26th, 1894.

KNOWLEDGE JUSTICE LOVE REVERENCE

To secure a closer and more helpful association in the thought and work of the world, under the great law and life of love. x x Hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation.*

The discussions of the Congress will center so far as possible around "The Coming Church; Its Relation to Education, Civic Government, Social Ethics, Amusements, National and International Morality," etc., etc. More or less directly, its worship, faith, preaching, fellowship, its work as a conscience-guide for social betterment and civic reconstruction, will come in for consideration. The maximum time given to essayists will be confined to thirty minutes and the number so limited as to give time for full and free discussion.

THE FOLLOWING TENTATIVE ANNOUNCEMENT OF PROGRAM

Can be made at this time, subject to change and attractive additions pending further correspondence.

Sunday, May 28

Dedication sermon by Rev. W. C. Gannett of Rochester, N. Y., Sunday morning, 11 a. m. Subject: "The Life of God in the Soul of Man."

8 p. m. Opening sermon of Congress by the President, Rev. Hiram W. Thomas: "Plan and Purpose of the Ages," Revs. R. A. White, Dewhurst, Stoltz and others taking part.

Monday, May 29

8 p. m. Lecture by David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford University. Subject: "Human Degeneration."

2 p. m. Meeting of the Directors and other friends interested in the Congress.

Tuesday, May 30

8 p. m. Social Dedication and Neighborhood Welcome. Short Addresses by the neighborhood pastors, representatives of the public schools, labor organizations, Salvation Army, etc. Refreshments, etc.

Wednesday, May 31.

10 a. m. Business and Conference.

11 a. m. "The Coming Church; the Basis of Its Authority," Rev. W. E. Barton, pastor of the Congregational Church, Oak Park. Discussion opened by Rev. John Faville, Peoria.

12:30 to 2 p. m. Luncheon served by the Ladies of All Souls Church in Lincoln Centre. Everybody invited to stay.

2 p. m. "Social Reorganization," Rev. E. P. Powell. Discussion opened by E. G. Routzahn, Secretary Bureau of Civic Co-operation.

3:15 p. m. "The Church of the Future and Its Relation to the Working People," N. O. Nelson, of St. Louis. Discussion opened by R. A. White.

8 p. m. "Commercial Criminals," Rev. Daniel Evans, Pastor Congregational Church, Cambridge, Mass. "We" versus "I" Ethics, Dr. E. G. Hirsch.

Thursday, June 1

10 a. m. "The Problems of the Coming Church," a Conference.

11 a. m. "The Coming South," Mrs. Vandalia Varnum Thomas.

12:30 to 2 p. m. Luncheon served by the Ladies of All Souls Church in Lincoln Centre. Everybody invited to stay.

2 p. m. "The Coming Church in Relation to Women's Clubs," Mrs. Andrew MacLeish, of the Chicago Woman's Club.

3 p. m. "Institutional Work a Means of Church Salvation," Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, of Kalamazoo, Mich.

8 p. m. Civic Dedication. William Kent presiding. Ten-minute addresses: "Chicago," Hon. E. F. Dunne, Mayor; "The Church for the State," Prof. Graham Taylor, of the Chicago Commons; "The Law," Judge M. F. Tuley; "Public Service," Edgar Bancroft; "The Public Schools," Supt. E. G. Cooley, of the Chicago Public Schools; "The University," Paul Shorey, of the University of Chicago; "Municipal Policies and Politics," Walter L. Fisher, of the Municipal League; "Democracy," Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House.

Application has been made to the Western and Central Passenger Associations for reduced fares, which will be granted if over one hundred persons paying full fare to Chicago are in attendance.

Visitors will be entertained at private homes or rooms will be engaged in hotels and boarding houses at special rates in the neighborhood on application.

Further particulars given on application. You are cordially invited. If you cannot come yourself, pass along the notice to some one who may come.

Perhaps you can persuade your church or other societies and institutions interested in the work of the Congress to send delegates.

Address

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Gen. Sec., 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1905. NUMBER 13

Search thine own heart. What paineth thee
In others, in thyself may be;
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak;
Be thou the true man thou dost seek.
John Greenleaf Whittier.

Our Jewish exchanges are famous for their anniversary numbers. The *Jewish Spectator,* published in Memphis, is resplendent in a jubilee number celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Memphis congregation known as "The Children of Israel." It is more than a double number, printed in golden colors, and tells in graphic ways the story of the society that has lived through the turbulent half century and has grown with its triumphant city. We congratulate the publishers and the society.

The *Outlook* calls attention to an interesting step taken by a London Congregational church which has recently called two pastors; one ecclesiastically related to the Congregationalists, the other to the Unitarians. The acceptance of the position by the former was conditioned on the election of the latter. The strangest thing about this strange transaction is that it should appear so strange and call forth comment. Such actions are to become so common that they will occasion no surprise.

The *Literary Digest* of May 20th has a charming picture of the composite Madonna secured by precipitating on one plate two hundred and seventy-one faces of the Virgin taken from the most famous painters of history. Chiefly full-faced pictures are used. The result is a face of consummate beauty and pathetic appeal. What the artist has done with dead paintings the great world-artist is doing with living souls and poets by the composite process, an amalgamation of races, a crossing of lines, a mixing of blood. The cosmopolitan type of woman is being produced, a type that as it grows in perfection, as it becomes more pronounced, will become more attractive, more beautiful and persuasive.

Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead in the *Boston Transcript* deems it hopefully significant that the Social Science Association, the Free Religious Association, the Episcopal Congress (and she might add the Congress of Religion) are publicly discussing the various aspects of questions relating to ill-gotten gains. With Mrs. Mead we believe that the very phrase, "tainted money," is an ethical prophecy, and reiterates what we have before stated, that there is a growing conscience in this matter; that what was right yesterday is wrong today; that money is not alone tainted that is obtained by taking unjust advantage of a competitor, but that money is tainted, however gotten, that is held selfishly and invested unworthily. In short, no business is legitimate and no money honorable that does not hold the maker and the spender to the integrities of life.

"Why perpetuate the Congress of Religion?" "What is the need of it anyhow?" asks a friend after calling attention to the many organizations that make for unity,—notably, the Religious Education Association. To these questions we would answer: The number of organizations that fearlessly accept and heroically urge the common ground of religious faith existing not only between different sects of protestant Christianity, but between Protestant and Catholic, between Christianity, Judaism, Mohammedanism and Buddhism are few. The logic of the situation calls for these fraternities, but the movement towards these unities is not dependent upon the life of any Congress or Conference. These may fail, perchance are in the way, but the onward sweep of humanitarian sympathies, of universal religion, is persistent and unconquerable.

The West has not yet passed beyond the need of eastern tuition. The *New India* of recent date, published in Calcutta, has an interesting article on "Worship" in which it insists that "meditation is the soul and essence of modern worship, and where it is absent or feeble the ideal spiritual religion is as yet but poorly developed." How few parents, professors or teachers adequately provide, either in their theories or their practice, for this tuition of the spirit. The chasing after sanctity, the tireless race for faith and trust, overreaches itself and the soul forgets what it went in search of. This does not mean that the quiet of the soul is related to the indolence of the hand or the torpidity of the conscience, but it does mean that the ever pressing desire for usefulness must find its inspiration and strength in the never failing quiet within. Now as of old the soul can say, "As I muse the fire burns."

The June *Century,* in an editorial discussing the "tainted-money" problem, after remarking upon the wholesome character of the debate, whatever its practicality in particular instances, as indicative of healthy public sentiment, and likely to be salutary in its effects, suggests a novel solution of the difficulty:

"In the case of an educational institution which solicits and accepts contributions from persons in the political or business world against whom malpractices have been publicly proved, and whose evil deeds and designs are notorious, would it not prevent moral confusion if some such plan as the following were adopted? At the annual commencement, when announcements are made of gifts received and honors conferred, let the authorities declare their gifts and their gratitude in due form: 'This institution has received from A. B. during the

past year the munificent gift of so many hundreds of thousands of dollars. The institution confers upon C. D. and E. F. the honorary degree of LL. D. for distinguished public services, as separately set forth; and upon A. B. and others named we confer our highest dishonorary degree, in order to distinguish them for all time on account of unsocial practices, and as bad citizens, bad examples, and a warning to all men.' ''

We are looking forward keenly to what we know will be an illuminating treatment of the much-debated question of "tainted-money," in the paper of Rev. Daniel Evans, of Cambridge, Mass., on "The Coming Church and the Commercial Criminal," at the Congress of Religion.

There was a remarkable occasion on the Leland Stanford campus when recently the corner stone of a new and great library building was laid with imposing exercises. For the maintenance of this library Mrs. Stanford's dying gift was her jewels which are to be sold in the interest of a library fund to be used exclusively for the purchasing of new books. It is estimated that these jewels will approximately sell for five hundred thousand dollars, which would yield a yearly income of twenty thousand dollars. Mrs. Stanford left behind her a written address to be used on this occasion, which was read by one of the seniors of the school. It represents Mrs. Stanford at her strongest and best. It is altogether a noble and notable communication, showing how clearly she saw beyond the stone walls and the stone age of the University. She recognized that the development of the soul life was the ultimate test of culture. She said:

Without this we are not much above the level of the animal. It does not mean swaying or bending the young mind toward theology, creedism, or religious sectarianism of any kind. It means only to develop the soul-seed lying dormant, waiting to be watered, nurtured, cared for, roused into life, and when that is accomplished it is then a monitor to tell us what is right and what is wrong; for our conscience, when once awakened, never makes a mistake in admonishing us how to act.

The story of the diamonds is a fascinating one and was so well told by President Jordan that we reprint it in this column. Those who attend the Congress next week will be glad to hear Dr. Jordan on "Human Degeneration," for his is a clarifying word on any subject. But in addition to this lecture many will wish that they might know more of the story of "A Box of Jewels."

Fellowship with Closed Doors.

We have frequently discussed in these columns the spiritual values of school fraternities and sororities, particularly in their relation to high and other secondary schools. The question has been an urgent one, not only in educational but in social circles. These juvenile organizations have assumed such proportions in the public high schools that the Board of Education had to take it up. They undertook to curtail their influences by eliminating their activities from college athletics, etc. Whereupon the youths secured an injunction from Judge Henecy's court against such interference. Both the court and rebellious spirit of the students indicate the lower levels in Chicago spirit. Then the matter was taken up in an academic way by the parents of the University High School. The matter was discussed and finally disapproved of by a large majority at a parents' meeting, whereupon young America, true to the political methods, asked for a hearing, which was granted them. A referendum vote was called for, briefs were submitted by both sides and on the side of the youths we understand automobiles and house to house canvass was resorted to. All the parents of students in the high school and the four upper grades of the elementary school, both father and mother, were allowed to vote. Five hundred and sixty-one out of a possible 1,100 ballots were cast. Out of this 561, 389 voted against fraternities, 172 only in favor of them.

The silence of the 539 is significant if not ominous. It suggests the moving, non-resident character of so many Chicago parents perhaps quite as much as it does the apathy or indifference to so searching a question. The Chairman of the committee who drew up the brief for the objecting side is Professor McClintock of the University, whose interest in educational matters, public spirit and activity on all high lines, are well known. His proximity to the problem and intimacy with all phases of the question makes the brief so significant a one that we publish it entire in another column. The brief in favor of fraternities and sororities was presented by three young men from the inside. Their primary contention convicts them of the young Americanism that is dangerous. They argue that it is "none of the faculty's business; they are not responsible for the conduct and associations of the students when out of school." They argue in the interest of the "school spirit" which these fraternities are supposed to engender and conclude with the assumption that "they will exist anyhow and they had better be recognized openly rather than be forced to exist in secret."

An unpublished parent's brief lies before us, a mother whose devotion to and intimacy with the school problems is well known in her neighborhood. She argues that the "underlying principle of secret societies is wrong inasmuch as they are undemocratic, unsocial, based on artificial rather than on natural lines; consequently they do not center around ideal principles or serious purposes."

Secret organizations, she urges, are an injury to the school because they monopolize the social life on narrow lines, succeed in controlling social functions, dividing into smaller units what ought to be the broad and generous social life.

She further argues that secret societies are an injury to those who are not members, who suffer for want of the social life which is menaced by the secret societies. They suffer cruelly who are not "rushed," or being "rushed" are dropped. They lead to a wrong estimate of social attractions. The element of mystery and the social prominence assumed tend to egotism, to thinking more of themselves and to believing less in others. Their relationship to their parents becomes strained or secondary. As a matter of fact, the

atmosphere of fraternities, says this mother of school children, weakens rather than strengthens the moral sense. Smoking, occasionally gambling, unprofitable and immoral conversation, loafing and rowdyism among the boys, and silliness, undue love of dress, unprofitable and belittling gossip and an insight gained only from the point of view of their own personality among the girls. All this at a time when the horizon of their lives should be daily broadened and not narrowed. Society loyalties oftentimes call for the defending of each other regardless of the right or wrong.

With this reasoning the present writer finds himself in hearty accord. We believe that the force of this logic is not limited to youthful organizations or to school circles. Adults, men and women in mature life, may well distrust the sympathies and enthusiasms that are generated by the "closed door." The organization that boasts of its "select" character, that admits none unless duly vouched for, and guards its purity by the secret "black ball," is not the organization that will bring to the soul the maximum inspiration and develop it on broadest lines, whether that organization be for men or women, for old or young; call it "club," "lodge" or "fraternity"; let it be known by Greek letters or by titles less mystical.

Democracy is an inspiration, an opportunity, a privilege, not a grim necessity, a forlorn hope or a prosaic commonplace. Herein lies the fundamental glory of the church, its credentials for permanence. Other organizations come and go, but the church with all its faults stays because it recognizes the universal brotherhood of man and the common fatherhood of God.

Believing this, we look forward with great interest to the discussion at the Congress of Religion next Thursday at the Abraham Lincoln Centre on "The Relation of the Coming Church to Women's Clubs" by Mrs. Andrew MacLeish. The Secretary has sent special invitation to some ninety-five different women's organizations in Chicago and vicinity to be present at this discussion, either officially or informally. The discussion may well take a wider range than that implied by the term "women's clubs," for men's clubs and all organizations that seek "fellowship with closed doors" are involved.

Objections to Secret Societies in the University High School, Chicago.

A Brief.

I. Some Fundamental Principles Involved.

1. They are not needed. Students live at home, under direct care of parents and teachers. They are mere imitations of college societies without their justification.

2. They are selfish, unsocial and exclusive, working for their members' welfare as against that of the community.

3. All secrecy among young people except the protection of private rights is dangerous, inevitably harboring evil. A reasonable chaperonage is necessary in developed societies. The young must learn to have their pleasures in the open neighborhood of those who care for them.

4. Educators work for the prolongation of the spirit of childhood and youth. Fraternities tend toward early sophistication, imitation of elders, worldly social success, manipulation of community polities and experimentation in vice.

5. They are undemocratic, preventing the free formation of social groups. Students cannot leave them without accusations of dishonor, "disloyalty," even if a mistake has been made.

6. These societies cause a too early fixing of social choice.

7. High school students should meet many people of varied character and experience and keep a broad social horizon. The secret societies are narrowing.

8. Secret societies likely to suggest, stimulate and spread immorality. "Loyalty" and group protection against outsiders keep it secret. No self-cleansing principle in the system, and discipline uncommon except on outside pressure.

9. No such thing as adequate supervision; supervision is opposed to the very nature of the societies. It makes teachers spies, and injures their usefulness.

10. They create false notions of social life as consisting of (1) a few private friends, (2) "society" functions, (3) constant amusement, instead of cooperation in all school activities.

II. Harmful to the Members Themselves.

1. High school students are immature, unable to profit by social mistakes without interpretative help of home and school. Secret societies avoid this help by deliberate isolation from social life of the whole and resistance to natural community criticism.

2. The effects of "rushing" are bad, causing anxiety, excitement, confusion of interests, and waste of time.

3. The mystery surrounding secret societies and the social eminence supposedly conferred, give false estimates of their value to immature students.

4. They are a common cause of strife between rival fraternities and between fraternities and "barbarians."

5. High school fraternity members develop a narrow spirit of partisanship; and also partisan manipulation of school activities. Out of this rises the school "boss," whose pernicious activity hides too often behind the fair name of "school spirit."

6. They choose largely persons of wealth, social position, and striking personal gifts. This develops exclusiveness, snobbery and neglect of many schoolmates.

7. The fraternity and sorority life forces a premature "society" life between boys and girls, filled with personal and social dangers.

8. The wide testimony is that these societies among young people tend to lower the general moral tone of members, that idling, expense, trivial conversation, indulgence, love of display and the spread of gossip all accumulate in these protected eddies of school life.

9. The special moral evils of boys' fraternities are always possible, constantly likely, and actual and notorious enough to frighten serious parents. These evils are keeping late hours, ribald language,

obscene songs, smoking, drunkenness, gambling and social vice.

III. The Evil to Students Not Members.

1. All students have equal rights to school advantages. The small secret, aggressive groups take an unfair share of these advantages, and make most of the students outsiders, "barbarians."

2. When secret societies are permitted there is a vast amount of social pain among non-members from feelings of accidental or organized neglect and from natural timidity and social inexperience.

3. This brings great pressure on students to join the societies, when many would prefer to remain out.

4. Special bitterness arises from the not uncommon experience of being "rushed" and then not elected.

IV. Secret Societies a Menace to the School.

1. They are almost uniformly opposed by teachers—a sufficiently convincing argument alone.

2. They are commonly centers of rebellion against school regulations. Witness the well authenticated report that the fraternities of our high school during the past winter have persisted in initiating members against the clearly announced rule of the faculty forbidding it.

3. They are opposed to a genuine "school spirit."

4. Though self-appointed, they assume to take charge of student activities, they tend to monopolize them, to interfere with free initiative of other students and with proposals from the faculty.

5. They tend to destroy student interest in literary, scientific and art societies.

V. In Relation to Parents and Homes.

1. Parents who have the best developed home life and show most interest in education almost uniformly oppose secret societies. These societies break up the perfect understanding and kindly cooperation between parents, children, and the school, which is the new ideal.

2. It forms the habit of leaving home to find society, amusement and other than family standards of conduct.

VI. Some Minor Considerations.

1. No private rights are involved in prohibition, since the societies are clearly school societies, originate there, prosper there and have their evil influence there.

2. They are increasingly opposed by their own graduate members and by college fraternities and sorority members.

3. The ramifications of the societies through other schools is a confusion and danger to the ideals of the local school.

4. These arguments look toward the future, toward an ideal yet to be developed, and especially toward cautious parents whose children are yet to enter the school.

VII. Our Proposals eor Developing the Social Life of the School.

1. That the school provide a student club house for boys and one for girls. That these houses be placed under the care of intelligent, well-bred persons, and be open to all students on equal terms.

2. That the school develop, when they do not now exist, many clubs of objective interests—literary, debating, art, music, collections, outing, athletic, dramatic, scientific—and furnish them meeting places.

3. That the school furnish a systematic series of school parties, varied to suit the age and social experience of many students. That these be chaperoned and managed by a combination of students, faculty and parents.

4. That the school and the parents' association devise a large series of home parties, co-ordinated so as to prevent intemperance and neglect.

5. That all school honors and leadership be kept open, and administered by the faculty.

W. D. MAC CLINTOCK,
ARTHUR J. MASON,
EVA R. GREELEY,
Committee.

The Life Beyond.

Although its features fade in light of unimagined bliss,
We have shadowy revealings of the Better World in this.

A little glimpse, when Spring unveils her face and opens her eyes,
Of the Sleeping Beauty in the soul that wakes in Paradise.

A little drop of Heaven in each diamond of the shower,
A breath of the Eternal in the fragrance of each flower!

A little low vibration in the warble of Night's bird,
Of the praises and the music that shall be hereafter heard!

A little whisper in the leaves that clap their hands and try
To glad the heart of man, and lift to Heaven his grateful eye!

A little semblance mirrored in old Ocean's smile or frown
Of His vast glory who doth bow the Heavens and come down!

A little symbol shining through the worlds that move at rest
On invisible foundations of the broad Almighty breast!

A little hint that stirs and thrills the wings we fold within,
And tells of that full heaven yonder which must here begin!

A little springlet welling from the fountain-head above,
That takes its earthly way to find the ocean of all love!

A little silver shiver in the ripple of the river
Caught from the light that knows no night forever and forever!

A little hidden likeness, often faded or defiled,
Of the great, the good All-father, in His poorest human child!

Although the best be lost in light of unimagined bliss,
We have shadow revealings of the Better World in this.

Gerald Massey.

The Sapling.

When I was but a sprig of May,
With wonders to command,
Above all else I loved most well
What none could understand;
And dear were things far-off—far-off, but nothing near at hand.

O, now it was the sunset isle
Beyond the weather-vane;
And now it was the chime I heard
From belfry-towers of Spain;
But never yet the little leaf that tapped my window-pane.

Heigh-ho, the wistful things unseen
That reach, as I did then,
To guess, and wear the heart of youth
With eager Why and When!
And never eye takes heed of them, in all the world of men.

Josephine Preston Peabody.

THE PULPIT.

Faith Reinforced by the Inner Light; An Inward Look.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED TO ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, MAY 14, 1905.

About a century ago there were born in London John Henry and Francis William Newman. The father was a banker who, according to one of the sons, "had learned his morality more from Shakespeare than from the Bible and rejected base doctrines from whatever quarter." The mother was of Huguenot descent. Both were gifted children, destined to greatness and to nobility. Both lived to a venerable old age and both died revered and lamented far beyond the confines of the city and the land that gave them birth. John Henry, who was five years the senior, died in 1890, in the eighty-ninth year of his age; Francis William died seven years later in the ninety-second year of his age. Both boys were predestined to the ministry of religion. They started out together accepting the Anglican church as their destiny. They were room-mates in Oxford; they both graduated with distinction. John Henry took orders in the twenty-fifth year of his age and in a birthday greeting to his brother he wrote:

"Enrolled am I, and shortly thou
Must buckle on thy sword."

But these children of common parents and of a common training, endowed with the same genius of religion, both with reverent hearts, seeking sanctity and usefulness, were destined to reach the goal of devout and devoted living by very different roads. In the freshness of youth they parted company; each persisted in his own way; each was loyal to his own method and both arrived at the same destination, viz., religious trust, high hopes and noble character.

The parting of the roads came consciously perhaps into view when as undergraduates they were fitting up their student rooms. Francis thus describes the occasion:

"While I was arranging furniture in my own rooms I suddenly found a beautiful engraving of the 'Blessed Virgin' fixed up. I went to the print shop and begged its immediate removal and then learned that my brother had ordered it."

The divergence at first was slight but it led John Henry beyond the pale of the Episcopal church into the heart of the Mother Church of Rome, where he arose to the eminence of a cardinal and died in the full odor of that sanctity which belongs to the church of the centuries; while on the other hand, Francis found himself unable to carry even the Episcopal confession conscientiously. He never took the orders for which he had prepared himself so carefully. He sought rather a humbler place among the Come-Outers, joined the Pilgrim Brethren, traveled as far as Bagdad as a missionary where he spent three years of his young life in preaching what has been described as "non-sectarian but still a somewhat narrow religion." Returning to England to find recruits, he came into the atmosphere of theological controversy, found his position strongly assailed, his own brother challenging his foundations. This led him to re-examine the grounds of his faith. This brought him into the solemn heights of pure theism. He took counsel of the within and in his own soul found foundations for his faith independent of, if not in defiance to, miracle, creed, form and ceremony. There was no pulpit at that time in which such a man could preach his full heart and so he became a teacher of preachers, a writer of books, a friend, companion and student of such spirits as James Martineau, Frances Power Cobbe, Ralph Waldo Emerson and the more progressive of English and American Unitarians. He, like his brother John Henry, believed in God, Duty and the life immortal. He also found ecstatic communion with the unseen, and his faith was not only adequate to his own needs but it became a light and a lamp to many others. John Henry took the outward road; he was guided on the heavenly pilgrimage by the printed text, the testimony of the fathers, and the help of the sacraments. The ritual and the stole, the crucifix and the confession became dear if not necessary to him. On the other hand, distrusting all these helps, uncertain about traditions, unsatisfied with the creeds, unskilled in the use of text and form, Francis looked not backward with John Henry, but inward. With the eye closed to outward authority he found in the soul itself the guarantees of faith, the credentials of trust, the inspirations and the hopes that made life not only joyous but, what is better, noble, consecrated, tender, devout.

These two were writers of many books; their studies led out in many directions, but each has left one masterpiece of conspicuous brightness. John Henry, the Catholic Cardinal, has given us one of the two great classic hymns of the nineteenth century. His "Lead, Kindly Light" companions "Nearer, My God, to Thee" in the affections, gratitude and devotions of English-speaking people everywhere. This hymn glorifies the method of his brother Francis, who fifty-six years ago gave to the world his prose poem, a Book of Psalms and the Book of Job cast in one mould, with the simple title of "The Soul." Wearying of the distractions of the outward road, conscious of the conceit, confusion and tyranny of written texts and authoritative creeds, he turned his eyes inward, went down into the sorrows and aspirations of his own heart, sank his plummet into the deep sea of the within where conscience dwells, and found there not only the roots of love and duty but abundant reassurances of the devout life.

This book, which has long been inaccessible, was a consolation and revelation to me in my student days, and I was rejoiced this last week only to receive from London a new edition in clear type and available page of Francis William Newman's "The Soul," with fitting memoir and introduction by Prof. Charles B. Upton, the biographer of Martineau. I believe with the editor that "this book is likely to be better understood and appreciated now than it was when it first appeared, for in the present day it is increasingly seen that the knowledge of God is chiefly an immediate and not an inferential knowledge, and that if we are to find him effectively we are to seek him in the present facts and actual personal consciousness."

Be this as it may, this story of the two brothers and the new appearance of an old classic, serve as a fitting introduction to my third search for the reinforcement to faith, the faith that enables us to trust in the unseen, to believe in the overruling and the inruling Providence, to dare to try for what men call the "impossible," to rejoice ever in trying, though we fail, not to flinch from but to

"Welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each string that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!"

We have already taken a glimpse at the road which became a radiant one to John Henry—the road of history, the road of prophecy. Let us today with the brother Francis turn our eyes inward and find that there also the light shines that leads to the beauty road. Says Professor Upton:

"Both Francis and his brother, the Cardinal, were intensely

religious men, but while the latter allowed his own direct spiritual insight to be overruled and modified by the authority of the Church, the former would recognize no dogmas as divine until he found them endorsed by the living voice of the Eternal in his own soul."

Without asking whence it comes or how it comes, there is within us a voice that with more or less clearness speaks of what is good, that summons us to do the right, that demands of us sacrifice and consecration. The words "awe," "wonder," "admiration," represent an appreciation or an apprehension on the part of the human soul that argues the existence of that which is awe-full, wonder-full, and admire-able, and these emotions of the soul prepare us for life's loves which, wherever they appear, argue a lovableness ever above and beyond the thing loved.

Prudence is born of selfishness; it may be the child of compromise, of convenience; it never makes heroes, never sings by the open grave, never prays for one's enemies on cross-crowned heights. But when the soul awakens to a sense of the divine within, what the Greeks called "enthusiasm," God in the soul, then all these things triumph, then right grows lordly; then goodness becomes more valuable than money, the simplicities of nature more beautiful than the artificialities of man; solitude more blessed than society; companionship with men climbs into a companionship with the eternal.

Here, then, are the ultimate foundations of faith: The power to sorrow, that which enables us to welcome grief, to defy success; when needs be, to court defeat. Shame is man's shrinking from the disapprobation of his fellow men. Its blush comes when we are found out. But remorse over wrong things done, humiliation over lives unworthily lived, is something more fundamental. Remorse is the regret that we have offended, not man but the God within. We have tampered with the ideal; we have insulted the heavenly guide or turned away from the heavenly light.

I need not this morning inquire as to the source, not even the nature, of this inner light. Enough to know that it exists, enough to know that if there were no churches or catechisms, no Bibles or creeds, if we found ourselves stranded for the first time on the shores of mortality with the waves of death and oblivion lapsing at our feet, we still, constituted as we now are, would beat out for ourselves as our ancestors have done for us, a sense of awe, based on the recognition of power; a growing admiration, based on the ever shifting but ever purposeful swing of things. If we were without the thought of God we would create the thought; if we were without the Ten Commandments we would find them; if we had never heard of the Golden Rule we would live up into it.

So if we give up the world as too big a story for us to master, close our Bibles as too complicated for us to understand, shut our eyes to all this marvel, the inward look would bring us again to the same faith that we reached in the backward look and the forward look—a faith that assures us that nothing pays but righteousness; that nothing is worth living for but purity; that there cannot be too much goodness; that we cannot live too close to virtue; that no life has ever yet been cursed by too great loyalty to the ideal.

Looking within we find the vindication of the child-like heart, of which Jesus said was "the kingdom of heaven." By looking within we apprehend the power of him whom the Orientals call The Twiceborn; he who interpreting his own conscience as the voice of the Divine, dares follow it with uncalculating courage.

How many of the great words of religion make their appeal to the inner light? "Aspiration," the upward reach; "inspiration," the inward quickening; "enthusiasm," God within; "conscience," the knowledge with us. Faith delights in the inexplicable, words that are so fundamental that we cannot get back of them. "Duty," "Right," "Virtue," "Peace," "Joy," "Hope," "Trust," are primary words that defy definition. Secondary words may be defined because they are related, but primary words represent that which is related to, of which we can only say it is.

I believe in God if for no other reason than because sin leaves a bitter taste in the mouth and virtue brings a peace that "passeth understanding." I believe in Providence because there is that within that does not grow old, which defies gray hairs and which is not affected by graveyards.

So long as the sense of guilt makes unhappy those who are unhunted by human agencies, who are unsought by the police; so long as the well-housed, the well-fed, the well-bodied beat their pillows with the remorse that drives away sleep, so long must I believe in a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness. So long as the word of the sage and the deed of the hero reach an intellect to quicken a will, to strengthen, must I believe in holy scriptures and blessed saviors. So long as it is possible for a man steeped in selfishness, polluted with the dissipations of the cup, defiled by foul speech, low ideals and narrow sympathies, to respect the pure-minded, the clean-tongued, the open-hearted and the ready-handed far above himself, I must believe in redemption, reformation, salvation. So long as the heart crieth out for the living God as the "hart panteth after the water brooks," so long must I believe in the deathlessness of the human soul, the possibility of the heavenly light, the reality of the spirit.

But I said that there was no antagonism between the revelations of history and the revelations of the spirit. John Henry and Francis William Newman traveled not only towards the same end but ever and anon their roads came together. The backward look makes us social beings; the inward look emphasizes the solitariness of the soul, the sanctity of the individual, the divine unit of the kingdom of God. But these two roads meet here today. Jealous of our independence, we gather in this new house, builded by our own united hands and for our common needs. The inner light delights in liturgical helps when they are not forced; your soul and mine, at their maximum, delight the sense of companionship and have use for sacraments. This co-operation adds to instead of subtracting from the power of the individual.

It is comforting to find ourselves in the "Apostolic succession" of kindly hearts. The word of bard, the vision of seer, the triumph of the martyr, are not only interpreted by our own souls but they help discover the soul to itself.

Sunday as a common ground—not only for bodily rest but for spiritual refreshment—is an institution justified by our own common experience. Sunday as a play day, as a day to relax muscle or even to re-fill the lungs and refresh the nerves, fails of its mission; it brings neither rest nor strength unless the mind is at the same time invigorated, unless the soul is renewed. Business will forever remain irksome and wearisome unless it is shot through and through with light and life.

Talk of Nature! of green fields! of birds and brooks! Talk of automobiling and golfing! I speak the sober word of science, I but interpret the sorry experiences of your own souls when I say that all these are inefficient, inadequate and delusive helps unless they are accompanied by an uplift of the spirit. Devoutness of heart and mind is an element of health and factor in longevity, an indispensable element in the coveted

"prosperity" of the individual, the city and the nation.

If Sunday is a part of the liturgy called for by the inner voice, so is the church justified and worship called for, not by the superstitions of ignorance but by the psychology of the developed man. Francis, the radical theist, found an utility for the spoken word of devotion; to the end of life he had place for family prayers, a significance in vocalized worship, the reiterated phrases of gratitude and longing, because they feed the soul.

There is a familiar stage in the development of the soul when it delights in saying, "I like to hear the sermon, but I have no use for the service." I would like to omit the "devotional exercises." I stay away when *you* do not preach. I fear that this stage belongs to a shallow thinking, an unwise condition of the soul. These are the words of a torpid spirit. The word of any one man, however clear and noble, is but a single leaf in the book, while the impersonal ritual, the hymn, the prayer and the scripture are the book itself; the ages speak through it. The soul is caught up out of its little cell of selfhood into the great cathedral of the ages.

You and I should often feel the need of such "services," a worthy and significant nature; we need the renewal, the reinforcement that comes from such cooperation of spirit, and this need is witnessed to by the inner voice, revealed by the inner light.

The same light justifies the temple, the outward place, the shrine sanctified by association, the shrine made the more sacred by the activities that gather around it, the human helplessness there centered, the human needs there precipitated.

It is in this belief that we come to the dedication of this new temple. Other dedicatory words will be spoken by voices sincerely loved but less familiar than mine. May I close my Trilogy of Faith by harking back to the words I ventered to utter when eighteen and a half years ago I spoke the first words in the then new temple across the way, which we now desert in the interest of this newer church home. The word I then spoke in hope I now dare hold up in the light of history. How nearly we have hewed to the line then struck, how true we have been to the inspirations of that day is for you to judge; it is a matter of history.

I then closed my sermon on "The Divine Ascription," the first preached in the little building across the way, on the 12th day of September, 1886, with the words:

A country-woman's devotion to potted plants has been described as her tribute to the ideal. It indicates her thirst for something more than the actual. The summer time is radiant about her in a garden that needs no tending. The neglected fence-corner contains more beauty and mystery than she can understand or appreciate. Indeed, some of the most delicate achievements of nature she dismisses with the uncomplimentary title of "weeds," and yet she nurses that sickly geranium in the tin can that seldom comes to flower. It is her effort to bring near that which would otherwise stay afar, to realize her ideal, to domesticate the exotic. Let no one spurn such an effort, however feeble, however baffled. This illustrates the purpose of the building which henceforth we are to call our "church-home." Here we are to try to actualize some fragments of our ideals, to domesticate some of the shyer virtues, to grow on earth some of the heavenly graces. In some lowly fashion we are to make this an humble porch of the great All Souls Church of God, a visible vestibule to the invisible house not made with hands. This house is of the earth and for the earth. It best ascribes "kingdom, power and glory" to God when it serves man, but it only serves man when it summons him into the presence of eternal sanctities. May we make it a work-shop for the humanities, an elementary school in morals and religion, a manual training school in the integrities. Here may the joy of open-heartedness be taught, the strength of the open mind, the piety of the open purse and the quick hand be sought.

Do these practicalities seem to jar upon the devotional sensibilities? Do they call you down from communion heights? Would you be happier if you could gather here from Sunday to Sunday to forget that the world is still very miserable, that communities are still darkened with sin and superstition, that little children are still born to sickness and pain, that women hate what they ought to love, that men continue to dispute when they might better combine, that churches still try to divide what God hath united? If this should be so, still devote yourself to the main business. This house is not yours to enjoy, but to use. Here let no peace be found save that which comes as a reward to the truth-seeking, and no pleasure be known save that which follows in the wake of duty. As you hope for a sense of the eternal fatherhood, believe in the universal brotherhood. Forget the work done as promptly as possible that you may the better attend to the work there is to do. Earth's fruitions are always heaven's beginnings. On the heavenly way there may be here and there a resting place, but no permanent abiding place. He who stops is in league with death. The church triumphant is not here yet. The church militant is ever here, and for imperfect souls this is better. Would you in this church ascribe to God, the "kingdom, power and glory forever and ever amen?" You must remember that no opportunity is too humble, no duty too great, no task too high.

The storm was blinding. The tempest seemed overwhelming. The boatman was about to cease his fruitless task and drop his oar from sheer helplessness when the silent figure in the stern cried, "Boatman, despair not, for Caesar and his destiny ride in your boat!" The boatman's arm grew rigid once more and the oars were plied with a power superior to the storm. To-day we launch upon the seas of God this little cradle boat of an infant church which carries a greater than Caesar, a destiny higher than that of imperial Rome. The greater than Caesar is the religion of character; higher than that of Rome is the destiny of the church that seeks to combine free thought with high living, that puts love above all doctrines, right living above all ritual, that seeks to sanctiy all truth-tellings, that would ascribe to God all "kingdom, power and glory for ever and ever" by reaching after God-like lives and embodying divine graces.

The "Amen" to this "Our Father" was the response of the people, the "So-be-it" of the multitude. Not as a priest who arrogates sacred functions, but as a friend, brother, fellow-laborer, fellow-worshipper, will he who is to stand in this desk await your "Amen" to his leadings. Perhaps it would be well if in our churches the people said their "Amens" oftener, but this is unimportant. The chief thing is to *be* the Amen, give the coöperation when deserved, the warning when needed, the rebuke when merited. Waste no time in seeking for the "islands that lift their fronded palms in air" in the sea of the blessed. Remember that his "kingdom, his power, his glory" are for to-day, and what he has for to-day is for eternity, for he is the same forever, world without end, the eternal "I Am" who is the necessity of philosophy, the source of all evolution, testified to by science, the joy of all prophecy and the desire of all nations, the unity of all souls.

The Losses of War.

In cases where armies are recruited chiefly or wholly from the offscourings of the population, the situation is different; but with the so-called "national army system" of the nineteenth century, things are so ordered as to raise this element of cost to a maximum. Historians never fail to record the loss which France suffered when 300,000 Huguenots were driven out of the kingdom, but they seldom give adequate attention to the cost of the glorious wars waged by the *Grand Monarque* and the mighty Corsican. And yet, from the Rhine to Moscow, from the Alps to Calabria, from the Pyrenes to Gibraltar, a century and a half of magnificent combat sowed the soil of Europe thick with the skulls of Frenchmen, while distant India and Egypt claimed a share of the offering, and many provinces of France engulfed their quotas of brave soldiers. England, too, as Kipling reminds us, has salted down her empire with the bones of her sons, depositing much of the preservative in the sea beyond the reach of spade or ploughshare. Upon human bones, in fact, all empires are builded; and these things must be taken into the account when one tries to estimate the gain and merchandise thereof.

—*Charles J. Bullock, in the April Atlantic.*

Nae treasures nor pleasures
Can make us happy lang;
The heart aye's the part aye
That make us right or wrang.

Robert Burns.

A Box of Jewels.

From an address delivered by Pres. David Starr Jordan at the laying of the corner stone of the new library building of the Leland Stanford University:

"There was once a man—a real man,—vigorous, wealthy, powerful. He loved his wife very much, for she was worthy of his love,—wise, loyal, devoted. And because of all crystals in all the worlds the one we call the diamond is the hardest and therefore sparkles brightest, and because the ruby is charming and the emerald gentle, the man bought them all and made them a gift to his wife.

"As the years went on, they lost their only child, in the glory of his youth. Then these two became very lonely and they longed to help other children. And so they bethought themselves of the ways in which their wealth and power could aid the youth of future generations to better and stronger life,—the men and women who are children now, or who will be children after these have passed away.

"And because they lived in California and loved California, and because California loved them as she loves all children of men, this man said, 'The children of California shall be my children.' And so they were; and that they might be so in very fact, he built for them a beautiful castle in Spain, with cloisters and towers and red tile roofs against the azure sky,—for skies are bluest in the heart of Spain. And this castle is theirs alone, for it belongs to all who have once entered its doors. And the Castle of Hope, which they called the university, was the fulfillment of the dream of years, a dream of love and hope, of faith in God and good will toward men.

"And as the years go on, many things came to pass. In the fulness of days the man died, the power he bore had vanished, and his wealth was scattered, so that the work he began seemed likely to fail, and the devotion of many weary years was necessary before all could go on again as the man had planned it.

"But 'the children of California shall be my children.' That word, once said, was never unsaid, and the doors of the castle, once opened, should never be closed. And the man's wife said: 'If we lose the farms and the railways, the bonds and mortgages, still the jewels are left. The university may be kept alive by these till skies may clear, and the money which was given to the future might fall into the future's hands.'

"And to me, whose fortune it was to help in those days, she said: 'We shall keep the university open. When there is no other way you shall have my jewels.'

"And because there still was one last resource, she never knew defeat. No one can, who strives for no selfish end. 'God's errands never fail,' and her errand was one of good will and mercy. When we ask how the university survived the panic of 1893, the picture comes to me of this sorrowful, heroic woman going alone to London, with a bag of jewels carried in her own hands, that she might sell them to the money changers who flocked to the Queen's Jubilee. Sad, pathetic mission, fruitless at the time, but full of all promise for the future of the university, thus founded on faith and hope and love, the trinity, St. Paul tells us, of the things that abide.

"People said that the university was sustained in these days from the founder's private purse, because it seemed to have no other visible means of support. But there was no private purse. All was given to the cause, and more than all, for more than all visible strength was the power of love and devotion.

"But the jewels were not sold in London,—only a few of them; and these few helped to place a roof of real tiling on the Assembly Hall and on the old Library instead of the old tiling of iron, which was all those trying days could afford. All the rest found their way back to California again. They saw better times. A noble church had been erected, one of the noblest in our land,—all a part of the beautiful dream castles which we call our university. It lacked only the warmth of ornamentation, the glory of the masters who wrought 'when art was still religion,' and who thus adorned the cathedrals of St. Mark and St. Paul. So the jewels were sold by the university. They were bought by her who had given them, and their cost was all spent in the exquisite mosaic work which even the precious stones of Venice cannot outrival.

"And now once more the stones have been given to the university. They are yours today as the whole university is yours, the enduring possession of all of you who may tread these fields or enter these cloisters. And so they are yours thrice over, in the quadrangle, in the doors which never were closed, in adornment of the church, which shall be to all generations of students a joy and rest and a refining agency, and last of all they find their resting place in this Library building. You shall soon hear the way in which this comes about, but you shall never live to hear the last of the waves of influence which find in these jewels their first impulse.

LESSON OF FAITH, HOPE AND GOOD WILL.

"They say that there is a language of jewels, but I know that they speak in divers tongues, their speech depending on the place in which they fall. Sometimes diamonds tell strange tales, but not these diamonds. You can read the language of diamonds and rubies and emeralds in these stones, the lesson of faith, hope and good will. This is the language they speak to us. They tell us how Stanford was founded in the love of things that abide.

"In a letter to Mr. Crothers, dated San Francisco, February 15, referring to Mr. Alexander Sherriffs of the senior class, who had then commended himself to her, she says: 'I would like the young student to read this letter on the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone of the library. I have selected him, as I thought it would please him to be so selected. It surely will give me pleasure to have him accept.'"

The Vandals.

Down beyond the garden wall
They have cut down the maple-tree;
But they who cut it cannot know
The loss to you and me.

They think to build themselves a house
Where long our tree had stood—
Our tree that was a house of leaves,
Fairer than house of wood.

Will they see the wondrous sights we saw,
From their windows made of glass?—
The winged clouds, the marching sun,
The shadow-ships that pass?

We saw the Spring come up the land,
The Autumn's flags flung out;
We felt the South Wind kiss our hair,
And answered the West Wind's shout.

Their house of wood will higher be
Than our tree-house in the air:
Yet they will not live so near the sky,
Nor see what we saw there!

Lucy L. Cable in June St. Nicholas.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—
Of toil unsever'd from tranquility.

MON.—The aids to noble life are all within.

TUES.—Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery.

WED.—Calm's not life's crown, though calm be well.

THURS.—Wisdom and goodness, they are God.

FRI.—We school our manners, act our parts—
But He, who sees us through and through,
Knows that the bent of both our hearts
Was to be gentle, tranquil, true.

SAT.—Blow ye winds, lift me with you,
I came to the wild.
Fold closely O Nature!
Thine arms round thy child.

Matthew Arnold.

Very Good Times.

"The best time I can recollect,"
Said the boy from across the street,
"Was when we played the Spartan nine,
The day that our side beat."

"*My* best fun was a year ago,"
Said the boy who will never fight,
"When father and I went fishing once,
And slept outdoors all night."

"Well," said the boy from the corner house,
"The jolliest time for *me*,
Was the summer they took me on a yacht,
And we lived six weeks at sea."

"The very best time *I* ever had,"
Said the boy who lives next door,
"Was sailing down the river once,
And camping out on shore."

"The very best time *I* ever had,"
Said the boy with the reddish hair,
"Was in Chicago last July—
The time I went to the Fair."

"It seems to me," said the lazy boy
(And his cap he thoughtfully thumps),
"That the very best time in all my life
Was the week I had the mumps."

St. Nicholas.

Excursions in the Chicago Region.

A list arranged for the use of the University Elementary School. Interesting geological features are considered as well as general attractiveness of the places. The distances given are approximate distances from the school, which is at Sixty-third street and Monroe avenue. We print this for the benefit of those who may wish to get into the country for a few hours at a time and who have not learned where or how to go. A time table of a few trains which seem especially available is given, but in most cases there are other trains.

E. T. K.

South Shore—Lake shore and 71st St. (3 miles). Route: I. C. R. R. Trains leave 53d St. station 9:13, 9:53, 10:33, 11:13, 11:53. Features—Eroding shores, bed rock, swamp and sand-beach vegetation.

Stony Island—93d St. and Stony Island Ave. (4½ miles). Route: Calumet Electric R. W. Pullman car leaves 63d St. and Stony Island Ave. every twenty minutes. Features—Rock hill (low), abandoned quarry, glaciated surface, old shore line.

Stewart Ridge—West Pullman (9 miles). Route: Blue Island division of I. C. R. R. Trains leave 53d St. station, 10:13, 11:33, 12:53, 2:13. Features—Beach of old "Lake Chicago," sand ridge sloping south to Calumet River, forest, market gardening, wild flowers.

Palos Park (16 miles). Route: Wabash R. R. Trains leave 63d and Wallace St. station 8:19 a. m., 1:44, 2:54 p. m. Return, 11:20 a. m., 4:19, 5:07 p. m. Features—The Sag Valley, old outlet of Lake Michigan, rolling ravines, forest, flood-plains, farming country.

Willow Springs (22 miles). Lockport (36 miles). Route: Joliet Electric, which leaves Archer Ave. and City Limits every hour. Take 63d St. car at Ashland Ave., or 35th St. car to Archer Ave., Archer Ave to limits. Features: Forested hills, rocks and ravines, drainage canal (controlling works at Lockport, which are of great interest), excavating extension from Lockport to Joliet.

Beverly Hills (6½ miles). Route: Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R. R. Trains leave station at 63d and State Sts. (Englewood), 9:43, 10:38, 1:43, 2:19. Features—Forested ridges, wild flowers, rolling prairie.

Clarke Junction (17 miles). Route: Penn. R. R., also close connection at Grand Crossing via Illinois Central R. R. Trains leave Englewood station, 63d and State Sts., 9:15, 11:47, 2:32. Features—Alternate swamps and ridges parallel to lake, sand vegetation, wild flowers, aquatic life. By walking to road one-half mile east of station more accessible country is found.

Grand Calumet Heights (21 miles). Route: B. & O. R. R. from South Chicago, connecting with Illinois Central. Trains leave South Chicago, 8:05 a. m. Return train, 3:16 p. m. Features—Sand dunes, forests, Grand Calumet River, beach, wild flowers, aquatic life.

Dune Park, Indiana (31 miles). Route: Lake Shore R. R. Trains leave Englewood station, 63d and State Sts., 7:18 a. m. Return train, 5:28 p. m. Special arrangements may be made for other trains. Features—Best types of sand dunes.

Glenwood. Thornton (18 miles). Routes: C. & E. I. R. R. Trains leave Englewood station, 63d and State Sts., 8:06 a. m., 12:35 p. m. Return, 12:41, 6:29 p. m. C. T. T. Ry., trains leave 63d and Western Ave., 11:35 a. m. Return, 4:06 p. m. Features—Thorn Creek, wide valley; tributary valleys, forest, excellent place for spring flowers, stone quarry.

Riverside (17 miles); Hinsdale (23 miles). Route: Burlington R. R. Trains leave Union station, 10:15, 11:00 a. m., 12:20, 1:30 p. m. Features—Desplaines River, flood-plain forest. Hinsdale has drier forest.

Maywood (16 miles). Route: C. & N. W., Galena Division. Trains leave Northwestern station 9:20 a. m., 12:05 p. m. Features—See Riverside.

Glen Ellyn (24 miles). Route: Aurora & Elgin Electric—reached via Metropolitan Elevated. Trains run every half hour. Features—Very fine woods.

Edgebrook (19 miles). Route: C., M. & St. P. R. R. Trains leave Union station 9:30, 11:30 a. m., 12:40 p. m. Features—On north branch Chicago River, very fine forest.

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Compiled by Harry O. Gillette, 7th grade teacher in the U. E. S., by whose courtesy we are permitted to print this.

A Child's Optimism.

A year ago, when Emory J. Brown, 9 years old, was sent to the parental school, he had only one eye. Yesterday in the juvenile court he blinked at Judge Mack with two.

"De lamp trimmer fixed it up for me," explained the youngster, his little black face aglow with pride. "Dey tooked up a collection, you know, and gets me de crockery lamp."

"Can you see with it?" queried Judge Mack.

"No," replied Emory, "but I can take it out. Do you want to see me?"

Judge Mack prevented an exhibition. Then he directed that Emory be cared for at the manual training school for boys at Glenwood.—*The Chicago Tribune.*

Chinese Sensibility.

In a school in southern California is a large dining room with a heavy swinging door which leads to the pantry. The dexterous Chinese waiters passing in and out with their laden trays kicked the door to open it, and the varnish was soon removed from that part of the door, leaving it in unsightly condition. The head master obtained a large triangle of heavy leather and had it nailed to the door to protect it. "Now, Hong," he said to the intelligent Chinese cook, "I want you to print something from Confucius in Chinese on this piece of leather." "Velly well," said the Chinaman, and with his paint brush and pot of ink a legend was soon inscribed in decorative Chinese characters. "What does it say?" he was asked. "It say 'pleasant land—lovely flowers.'" "Is that from Confucius?" "No"—in a shocked tone—"me no likee *kick* Confucius."

E. T. K.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Webster City, Iowa.—A. N. Alcott, long time reader, friend and co-laborer with UNITY, has recently changed his field of labor from Minneapolis to this place where he has taken charge of the Universalist parish. We congratulate Minister and Society.

Foreign Notes.

THE LESSONS OF A GERMAN STRIKE.—In the midst of Chicago's strike problems the following account by a correspondent of the *Signal de Genéve*, of last winter's strike among the German coal miners is not without timely suggestiveness. A Bulletin of the Labor Bureau and the Catholic Association are given by the writer as his authorities.

Already in 1900, he says, the situation of the miners was critical and their discontent justified. The wage which till then had averaged 5M. 60 went down to 4M. 80. This decrease coinciding with a rise in the price of food supplies, distress was general. Fines were so heavy that they often took from the men ten days' labor a month. The companies on the other hand were doing a better business than ever and while they lowered the scale of wages they increased the dividends paid to stockholders, the latter rising from 7.42 to 10.50 per cent.

1905. The situation had remained the same, but suddenly things grew worse in the Bruchstrasse mine.

With an utter disregard of the regulations for the work and of contracts made, the company suddenly lengthened the time reckoned for the ascent and descent in the cage, that is really, the length of the working day. Beside this it suspended the delivery of coal to certain miners' households.

A strike of 50,000 men suddenly broke out, in an absolutely spontaneous fashion and before any measures could be taken to assure discipline among the strikers. The union managers could do nothing but accept the accomplished fact. They were compelled to take up the struggle under unfortunate conditions, in the midst of winter, and with the feeling that they had been drawn in spite of themselves into a contest for which they had not been able in any way to prepare. Notwithstanding all this the organization of the resistance was admirable. The strike of the Ruhr was and remains a model strike.

The Bruchstrasse company having refused arbitration, a general strike was declared for the whole basin of the Ruhr. Two hundred thousand men left their work in perfect order. During the whole time of the strike it is impossible to prove the slightest infringement on the freedom of labor. That has everywhere been absolutely respected.

The miners demand: 1. Non-rejection of the berlins (the companies simply reject berlins containing too much stone or not coming up to the required weight). 2. No dismissal of workmen because of the strike. 3. Recognition of the unions. 4. The nine-hour day in 1906, and eight-hour in 1907.

At first the government declared it would remain neutral, but soon the ill will of the companies compelled it to take sides. These, in fact, declined to respond to any attempt at arbitration or conciliation, on the pretext that they could not recognize the right of the council of seven (the strike committee) to represent the body of miners. Such evident bad faith forced, not merely all public opinion to side with the strikers, but the government to interfere. It promised legislative reforms. Then, after two months of struggle and twenty millions lost wages, on the advice of the chancellor to resume work the workmen's committee gave an order to that effect which was immediately obeyed.

In all the mines, in the course of a few days, work was taken up, though the strikers had obtained no immediate satisfaction. A roused public opinion entirely in their favor, and government support, promise an overwhelming majority when the promised reforms are brought up in parliament. If the miners of the Ruhr do not obtain, without delay, a legislative victory, they have decided to resume the direct struggle and their admirable committee of seven will not let itself in future be taken unawares.

Such is the story; now what is the philosophy of it? Is this strike a defeat, is it, as some say, a proof that a strike without violence is foredoomed to be ineffective, because governments like corporations will yield only to terror? We do not believe it. Rather, we are compelled to say that the miners of the Ruhr have given an admirable lesson in civilization not only to laborers, but above all to governments and to a whole class self-called more civilized and cultivated than they. They have realized that our age ought no longer to be an age of violence, that the decisive and lasting victories are not those of cannon, but of persevering, energetic organization, of personal convictions and of voluntary discipline. They had to defend their wives and children against an enemy more terrible than a foreign nation, against hunger and against corporations determined to see in them, not men, but only instruments of labor, machines for creating dividends. They might have chosen the weapons of slaughter, and advice of that sort was not wanting. They preferred recourse to the longer, more painful but also more fruitful, struggle of parliamentary combats and victories. But there let no one attempt to trifle with them, to drag them through session after session by vague promises. That will be to force them in spite of themselves to the last resort, to adopting the methods of barbarians in order to secure justice. If the German government does not give the miners of the Ruhr the reforms solemnly promised, it will itself put the gun into their hands and the bomb into their pockets. In any case the spectacle is worth emphasizing—though more frequent than we sometimes think—of a so-called illiterate class giving to the scholars and historians of royal societies and governmental circles the proof that struggle is not synonymous with massacre, and that love of war does not show, as has been maintained, the vitality of a people, but simply its barbarism.

M. E. H.

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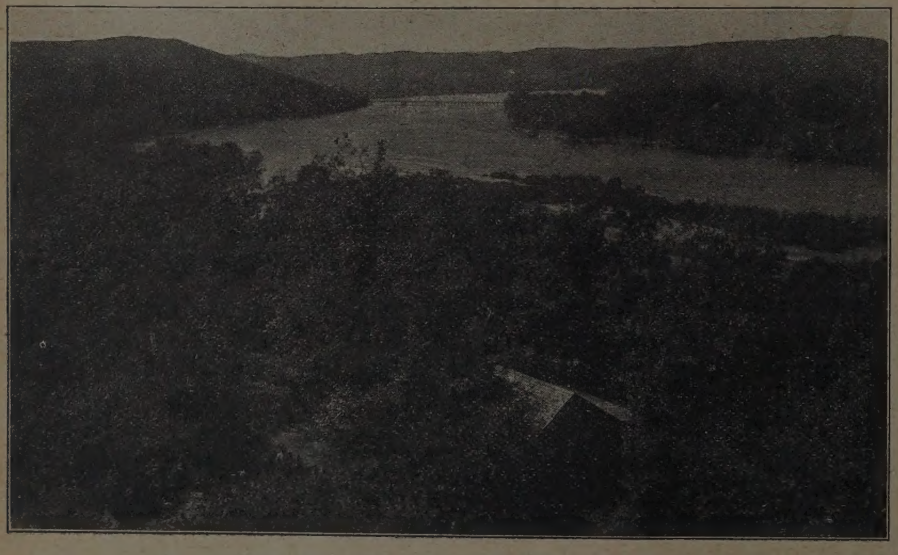

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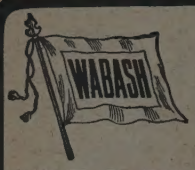

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